Englands Triumph : Or

The Subjects joy.

All you that troubled are with Melancholly,
The *Spaniards* have a Juyce will make you jolly:
Good Wine, good Wine, I ſay's the only thing,
That can for ſuch diſtemper comfort bring:
It comforts the heart, and quickens each vein,
If a man be half dead, it will fetch him again.
To a pleaſant new Tune, Or, *come let us drink all day and night.*

The Kings moſt faithful Subjects we,
indeed we are not dull,
We drink to ſhew our Loyalty,
and to fill his Coffers full:
If all his Subjects drank like us,
he would be richer far,
More powerful and more proſperous
then all the Eaſtern Monarchs are,
then all the Eaſtern Monarchs are.

Then let us drink all day and night,
give each a luſty howl,
This is the raviſhing Delight
of every generous Soul:
Whilſt others lye and ſoak in bed,
and Live but half their time,
This Wine that lies within our head,
ſhall ſtill preſerve us in our prime, &c.

Inſtead of ſleep we'l ſpend the Night,
in ſinging of the praiſe,
Of Wine that makes the Souldier fight,
and gives the Port bays,
That fills the veins with noble blood
though we be ne'r ſo mean,
Inſpires what's either great or good,
and turns rank Clowns to Gentlemen, &c.

Let Souldiers fight, and Parſons preach,
and ſchollars break their brains,
Fanaticks ſweat and ball to teach,
ſedition for their gains.
Whilſt others they do waſt and pine,
we ſtill are ſound at heart,
And if we have but ſpritely Wine,
we'l drink and roar, and never part,
we'l drink and roar, and never part.

Englands Triumph : Or

The Subjects joy.

All you that troubled are with Melancholly,
The *Spaniards* have a Juyce will make you jolly:
Good Wine, good Wine, I ſay's the only thing,
That can for ſuch diſtemper comfort bring:
It comforts the heart, and quickens each vein,
If a man be half dead, it will fetch him again.
To a pleaſant new Tune, Or, *come let us drink all day and night.*

The Kings moſt faithful Subjects we,
indeed we are not dull,
We drink to ſhew our Loyalty,
and to fill his Coffers full:
If all his Subjects drank like us,
he would be richer far,
More powerful and more proſperous
then all the Eaſtern Monarchs are,
then all the Eaſtern Monarchs are.

Then let us drink all day and night,
give each a luſty howl,
This is the raviſhing Delight
of every generous Soul:
Whilſt others lye and ſoak in bed,
and Live but half their time,
This Wine that lies within our head,
ſhall ſtill preſerve us in our prime, &c.

Inſtead of ſleep we'l ſpend the Night,
in ſinging of the praiſe,
Of Wine that makes the Souldier fight,
and gives the Port bays,
That fills the veins with noble blood
though we be ne'r ſo mean,
Inſpires what's either great or good,
and turns rank Clowns to Gentlemen, &c.

Let Souldiers fight, and Parſons preach,
and ſchollars break their brains,
Fanaticks ſweat and ball to teach,
ſedition for their gains.
Whilſt others they do waſt and pine,
we ſtill are ſound at heart,
And if we have but ſpritely Wine,
we'l drink and roar, and never part,
we'l drink and roar, and never part.

Let Merchants ſtill for treaſures run,
and croſs the burning Line,
We have our Engins here at home,
in every glaſs of Wine.
Each Carbuncle upon my Noſe,
better then Jems doth ſhine,
My cheeks are freſh like to a Roſe,
my heart is merry with brisk Wine,
my heart is merry with brisk Wine.

Let Doctors cure themſelves of grief,
and each Apothecary,
We are ſure to give our ſelves relief,
by drinking of Canary,
If melancholly diſturbs the mind,
and makes our hearts full ſad,
We know where we good Sack can find
and that will make us brisk and glad,
and that will make us brisk and glad.

Our Wives the benefit will find
when we come home at night,
Good Wine does always make us kind,
and give them their delight.
Whilſt that the ſober ſot is dull,
in counting of his coyn,
And filling of his Coffers full,
our brains ſhall ſwim in Spaniſh Wine,
our brains ſhall ſwim in Spaniſh Wine.

If that a forraign Foe ſhould ſtrive,
our Country to invade,
One bowl of Sack would conquer five,
drunk by an Engliſh blade.
It makes 'm fight couragiouſly,
their country to defend,
They never think nor fear to dye,
but hold out ſtoutly to the end,
but hold out ſtoutly to the end.

If that Conſumption ſhould us waſte,
and make our bodies poor,
Then every morning Sack we taſte,
which doth our health reſtore,
Around, around, let's drink about,
the firſt Glaſs ſhall be mine,
Fill it up to th brim i'le drink it out,
and ſit and ſing the praiſe of Wine,
and ſit and ſing the praiſe of Wine.

Here's a health, here's a health to Englands King,
whom God grant long to Raign,
Our drinking ſhall him tribute bring,
let ſectaries complain.
Wealth, honour, and renown attend
his Royal Name always,
His Joys I wiſh may ne'r have end,
but gain his ſubjects love and praiſe,
but gain his Subjects love and praiſe

Printed for J. Hoſe, over against Staples Inn in Houlbourn, neer Grays-Inn Lane.